

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The Nut-shell.

A TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

IT would be a vain attempt to justify Amelia's conduct: but if the reader will figure to himself, a girl who loves for the first time; whose propensity to jealousy is very strong; who sees herself neglected by her bridegroom, in the very instance in which she valued his attention most; and over and above all this, who feels herself insulted and abused with a falsehood; if the reader, I say, will consider these things, he will perhaps be more ready to excuse her.

Bendorf, on the other hand, who looked upon himself as at least one half less criminal than his angry mistress had thought proper to make him, when he saw her gone, stood at first for some seconds, fixed as a statue, then threw himself upon a sofa that was near him; and without perhaps making the least impression upon the yielding materials of which it was composed, sprung suddenly up again, and exclaimed: "Now, by ——! this is too much! I'll be cursed if I stay here like a beaten spaniel, crouching, and whimpering, and begging pardon." While he spoke thus, he was already half way down stairs; the carriage was out of sight, and he proceeded, with a sort of mechanical intention, to calm his spirits by means of a walk, till he came to the bridge, while he perplexed himself to no purpose, to find out who could have betrayed him.

It was natural that a man, who at all times saw but indifferently, should, on the present occasion, see scarcely any at all;

should run foul of every body he met, and seek to avoid them, without seeing any thing but their shoe-buckles; and should be as far from saluting others, as from thanking those by whom he was saluted. In this manner he was hurrying along, and fell in about the middle of the bridge, with a whole company of well-drest women. He was already some paces beyond them, when he heard a loud laughter behind him, and distinguished the following words: "No, no, the dreamer must not pass so!" "By no means," added a half-learned coxcomb, "though he should even intreat us, like Archimedes, to leave his darling circle undisturbed." Bendorf, now looking about, was surprised to see Julia and her whole company, who were engaged in that very walk, in which he had been formerly invited to join;—he turned round, and apologized for his inattention.

"Not the least occasion for that," interrupted Julia, with a smile. "Are you not a bridegroom, a lover, and a scholar? One of these characters alone would give you a sufficient claim to inattention. But have you taken leave of Amelia already?"

Bendorf, with some difficulty, stammered out, "Yes;" while Julia looked at him with a penetrating glance, and smiled at the visible confusion he was in: he was again asked to be of the party, and readily accepted the invitation. His resentment at the late conduct of Amelia, arrayed Julia in double charms: she, though already provided with an attendant, secured him on her other hand, and her whole discourse was again directed to him. While they were thus conversing and walking along, a carriage drove up behind them; they looked up, and Julia exclaimed: "Aha, there is your Miss Mildau: quick, off with your hat, Mr. Celadon." A new shock for poor Bendorf, who looked as silly as a truant

boy, caught by his master in the very fact: and took off his hat, by a sort of involuntary impulse, without scarcely believing his eyes. It was, however, but too surely Amelia. She had taken up a female friend, and loitered a few minutes with her. Her road then lay across the bridge: she knew him at a considerable distance, and putting on one of the most scornful glances, which her mild countenance was able to assume, leaned out of the carriage, and called to him as it drove past: "I am glad to see you in such good company—I will keep the promise I made you at parting."

"Does every thing then conspire for my destruction?" exclaimed Bendorf, forgetting where he was.

"For your destruction?" asked Julia, hastily. "How can that be, my dear friend? Have you had any quarrel with Amelia?—Not, I hope, on my account!"

"God forbid!"

"I should be extremely sorry if that were the case—I know Amelia's temper; she is as jealous as a Spaniard: it arises, indeed, from pure love; but still she is rather too jealous. Perhaps your staying so long with me—"

"Not at all, fairest Julia, had I had any quarrel with Amelia, I must have been a little out of humour; yet I never recollect being in better spirits—you shall be judge yourself."

"Well, I take you at your word."

And she did so effectually—her sprightliness and wit, soon dispelled the clouds that surrounded him: he fell into that extravagant vivacity, which is commonly adopted to conceal vexation; from the natural tendency to dissimulation, to advance a step or two beyond what is necessary. Sally after sally, sprightly repartees, and peals of laughter, followed close upon one another, till at last, he was actually what he only

wished to appear, in the best humour possible; as there are men, who after having played the drunkard for some time, at last actually feel themselves intoxicated.

It was no wonder, that Bendorf, by this means, should renew his claim to the favour of the ladies, and inspire Julia with the firmest resolution to employ every faculty for the recovery of the fugitive. She succeeded better than she could herself have hoped. Wherever he went on his return home, the image of Julia met his eyes in the fairest light, and that of Amelia thrown into shadow. The more he reflected on the transactions of the past day, the more shamefully he found he had been used by the latter, and the more nobly and generously by the former. Every witty sally of Julia was present in full force to his recollection: every one of her charms was new to him; "Oh, she is a noble girl," was the conclusion of every soliloquy he held upon that subject.

She had invited him at parting to attend her next day to the theatre: "You are at present," added she, laughing, "left in a kind of widower's condition; and when the sun hides herself behind a cloud, the moon, you know, may sometimes venture to peep out."

"Oh, I assure you, fair Julia, that moon is to me—"

"Tell me that to-morrow, dear Bendorf. Exactly at five o'clock I expect you:" and she was gone immediately. Nothing gave Bendorf greater uneasiness, than these last words. He was but too sensible of the new passion that was springing up in his bosom, and was so honest as to acknowledge, that in spite of his little difference with Amelia, it was his duty to check it in the bud: nevertheless, his inward dissatisfaction, his respect for the rules of politeness, and his own inclination got the better. He was with Julia again, about five minutes from five, heard scarcely one scene of the whole play, but attended his fair companion home, in a state little short of intoxication. At parting, he was again asked, but as if wholly by chance, whether he would be of the party to-morrow for an airing. "I have kept you a place in our carriage," added she, taking him carelessly by the hand, "can you ride backwards, for you are now under my management, and I must take care that you catch no harm." He answered her question in the affirmative, made her half a promise to come; and after walking up and down his chamber, for two hours, in hesitation, said at last to himself, "only for this once," and so continued to play the same part, with only a few slight

variations, for the space of six or seven days.

Yet Bendorf was by no means so exceedingly changeable, that he did not often reflect with anxiety on Amelia, and the means of appeasing her resentment. One word of favour from her would have brought the wanderer back to the right way; but, alas! she still refused to utter it: and since the last adventure upon the bridge, being still more confirmed in her suspicions, resolved to persist in keeping at a distance.

To a respectful letter, intreating her forgiveness, composed with all possible art, and sent to her by a special messenger, she condescended not to give any written reply: a verbal message, in the most scornful style, thanking him for his fine poem, was all that she sent him in return; which naturally tended to exasperate him the more.—Julia's wit, on the other hand, was always equal; her attractions became daily more dangerous; an ardent declaration of his passion stood often hovering on his lips, and was as often swallowed again. He was just on the point of assuming courage to speak, when he heard that Amelia was returned to town. His good angel now interposed: awaking from slumber with new strength, he flew to her habitation, but was not admitted: thrice he repeated his application, and thrice was he repulsed from the door.

It would here be impossible to continue my narrative minutely, without growing prolix, or rather tedious. It is enough, that the plague of human life, the unlucky race of tale-bearers, interfered in this matter, as in many others, and added to Amelia's resentment by a thousand stories, how often, and under what precise circumstances, Bendorf and Julia had been seen together. She now resolved to prove him in an exemplary manner. Of this sort of trial he soon became weary, and began to absent himself wholly from a door, which he now found always shut against him. It is sufficient to add, that this behaviour was looked upon by Amelia as high-treason; and that Julia, in consequence, soon beheld herself the declared mistress of his heart. He avowed his love, she confessed that it was mutual: her father gave his entire approbation, and in a few weeks their hands were united.

The news of this marriage threw next morning the whole town into astonishment. Amelia, who had previous intelligence that it was about to take place, was one of the first to congratulate Bendorf, and sent him a large packet of papers, accompanied by the following note:

SIR,

There was formerly a period, when from a certain connection, we frequently exchanged letters with one another. That period is now past; I shall do every thing in my power to forget it; and that I may no longer retain any thing to put me in mind of it, I here send you back your letters, and expect also from your generosity, the restoration of mine.

AMELIA MILDAU.

P. S. "Inclosed is a letter formerly received from your present wife. I consider it now, as much the same with one of your own."

Bendorf turned over hastily the whole letters, to find that of Julia: and was astonished, upon meeting with it, to read as follows:

Dearest Mildau,

I was very much surprised at your sending to apologize for a matter of so little moment: and still more surprised at the person you employed to bring me your apology. Your Bendorf, who dines with us, and from whom I have with great difficulty, stolen away for two minutes to write this, does honour to your choice, by his cheerfulness and wit: the whole company is full of his praises. We paid him the usual compliment of drinking your health, and only think, the bashful swain blushed, and would fain have denied his passion. Forgive my father and me for depriving you of his company for a few hours to-day; you know, you will soon have him entirely to yourself. If, as he tells us, you are to leave town to day, may your journey be prosperous, and be assured, that you are saluted in idea, with true sisterly affection, by your

JULIA HILMER.

P. S. "Perhaps I may give Bendorf himself this kiss to deliver to you: may I venture so far? or are you jealous, my dear girl?"

Thrice did Bendorf read over this fatal billet. Every thing in the behaviour of Amelia, which had hitherto appeared to him unaccountable, stood clear as sunshine to his eyes; he now comprehended the reason of her jealousy and passion at their last interview; he now knew whom he had to thank, for being so clearly convicted of falsehood; and he was even penetrating enough, to guess what Julia's motive had been for writing this letter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A secret is like new wine, it naturally spreads itself.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE HERMIT:
A DRAMATIC TRIFLE.

IN THREE ACTS.

ACT FIRST.—*Continued.*SCENE II.—*Woods, a farm-house, &c. near the sea-shore.*—George and Mary are discovered sitting beneath a tree.

George. MARY, who's that young woman over at Williams's farm-house? d'ye know?

Mary. I don't know any more than you, only her name.

George. What is her name?

Mary. Eaws! what a hurry you're in; you won't give a body time to speak; I'm a good mind not to tell you at all?

George. Well, don't be cross, Mary; I was a little in a hurry, but you were so long a telling it.

Mary. If you'd a held your tongue, you'd a know'd afore now.

George. Well, what is it, Mary?

Mary. Emma.

George. Emma! that's a pretty name: Emma what?

Mary. Emma—Emma—O! I forget her other name.

George. She's a sweet, pretty looking girl, I wonder where she came from?

Mary. From over sea somewhere, but I don't know rightly where; she was shipwrecked in the vessel that stranded on the coast, but she doesn't like to talk about her family.

George. Why? I wonder.

Mary. I dont know, I'm sure, why; she seems mighty sad; may be she's in love.

George. I hope she's not cross'd in love, for it's a pity she should be; she's a sweet girl.

Mary. Why, George, you talk as if you was in love with her, I think.

George. Now what makes you think I'm in love with her; sure one may say she's a sweet girl, without your growing jealous.

Mary. Who's jealous? not I, I'm sure; but you're in a nation bad humour.

George. Bad humour! I wonder who's in the worst humour; no sooner did I begin to talk about that outlandish girl, than you told me you believed I was in love with her.

Mary. And you say I needn't grow jealous; I don't care so much about you as to be jealous, I'm sure;—so good bye to you.

[Rises, and exit.]

George. [As she is going.] Oh, ho, as for that, I don't care a bit more for you; so good by to you, Miss. [When gone.] I'm sorry for all I affronted her, though; but I felt so sorry for that sweet girl, she looks so sad, that I believe it has made me a little cross. But I must try and make it up some other time. [Sings.]

Lovers' quarrels are not lasting;
Sure I am I have her love;
And I'm sure she'll not reject me,
If I only humble prove. [Exit.]

Enter Emma, singing.

Long pass'd are the days when I pleasure enjoy'd,
They are fled never more to return;
Days peaceful and happy, with care unalloy'd,
Your loss, now alas! I must mourn.
Of a father and brother I once was possess'd,
But now I possess them no more;
Alone doom'd to wander, with sorrow oppress'd,
A stranger upon a strange shore.
Alas! I've no father to list to my sighs,
He slumbers in peace with the dead,
No brother to wipe the salt tear from my eyes,
For 'neath the rude waves he is laid.
Their slumbers are peaceful, they feel not my pain,
Dear friends, they are dead, and at rest:
They hear not the winds, as they sweep the rude
main,
And vex with their fury its breast.
But hope comes no longer my sad soul to cheer,
Nor holds her bright scenes to my sight;
Her reign is usurped by anguish and care,
My prospects are dark as the night. [Weep.]

Enter Williams.

Williams. Weeping still? O Emma! be comforted. It gives me pain to see thee grieve,—would that I could dry thy tears, cheer thy face, now overclouded with sorrow, and light it up with the smiles of hope and comfort.

Emma. How much I thank you, my good friend, for the tender and affectionate interest you take in my misfortunes; but your kind endeavours are vain. Could you restore to me my father and brother, then might you speak of hope and comfort; but they are gone! they have left me alone to lament their loss! O! I shall never see them more!

Williams. Do not talk thus, Emma; your friends may yet perhaps be found.

Emma. May yet be found,—ah! never; it is impossible.

Williams. Why is it impossible?

Emma. Remember, Sir, how long a time has elapsed, since my father left his native country to seek an asylum for his family in this distant land; since the ship in which he sailed was lost, and all on board perished in the stormy deep.

Williams. But are you certain they were all lost?

Emma. None of them had been heard of when my unfortunate brother and I sailed in search of my father; and when we met with a fate almost—oh that it had been quite like his!—O my brother! where art thou now? If you were here, you would comfort and protect me; you would dry my tears, and make me bear my father's loss with composure.

Williams. Would that I could do this for you! But say nothing of protection; for while life's warm current flows in my veins, if I cannot comfort you, yet you shall not want protection.

Emma. Oh, Sir, you are kind and benevolent; you have been more than a brother to me: but pardon my weakness; the tenderest connexions of my life have been torn from me, and I must be insensible not to feel and lament their loss.

Williams. Sincerely do I sympathise with you, and respect your sorrow; excuse my awkward attempts at comfort; I know they are ill-timed; the tide of grief will flow: but Emma, I conjure you, let it not flow too long; it will sap the foundation of life, and drag you slowly to an untimely grave. Endeavour to be calm and resigned in all situations. You owe it to heaven and yourself. Meanwhile, rest assured, while Williams lives, you cannot want a friend.

Emma. You have given me too many proofs of your friendship, to suffer me to doubt of that—But, Sir, permit me to leave you. I will walk to the sea-shore, and endeavour to compose myself. [Exit.]

Williams. [Alone.] Compose herself!—She is gone to indulge her grief free from interruption. I will let her go; a solitary walk at this calm and tranquil hour, when all nature lies at rest, will soothe her melancholy, and by soothing cure it. Oh, that I could find her friends; then might I hope one day to be happy: I feel myself deeply interested in her happiness; I feel, I am certain I love her. But I must conceal, for why should I discover it; she loves me not; the thoughts of me inspire in her bosom no tender sensation; her apparent affection proceeds from an excess of gratitude for the trifling services I have done her. Could I but flatter myself with the hope of one day possessing her esteem, I would tell my story to her—Foolish, vain thought—away—I will be still, it can never be. [Exit into the farm-house.]

Emma, alone on the sea-shore.

Emma. How calm, serene, and tranquil is the night! how bright yon silver orb appears, holding her silent course through the

etherial, star-bespangled vault! how soft she sheds her mellow lustre on the surrounding scene, while her beams seem to dance upon the glittering wave. How pleasant blows the balmy breeze,—scarcely does it make the little curling wave come slowly creeping to the shore. Ah! treacherous ocean! how mild, how unruffled do you appear; not as you lately did, when the frail bark which bore me and my unfortunate brother—. Oh! that mournful thought! to what sensations does it give rise. My bosom swells with sighs, my eyes are filled with tears; but here I can indulge my woe; here is no zealous, but officious friend, to wipe away those tender tokens of affection to those I dearly loved. But I do wrong thus to indulge my grief, I ought at least to feign a happiness I do not feel, to give my hospitable friends cause to think their care not altogether unavailing. Can I ever forget that dreadful hour when the intrepid Williams risked his life to save mine, when he braved the dangers of the furious waves, and snatched me from the cold grasp of death. No! never, never can this be forgotten. Surely, this is not an ignorant rustic! it cannot be; the gentle and refined manners of this amiable man, and his revered mother, prove they were not bred to the station they fill. Generous youth, what do I not owe thee!—grateful veneration, and I had almost said love, I hear footsteps, I think. I must depart.

[Exit into the woods.]

Enter Mary, breathless, runs towards George, as he enters on the opposite side of the stage.

Mary. O save me! save me!

George. Save you from what? Mary.

Mary. The ghost!

George. What ghost? I see none.

Mary. The ghost that walks on the sea-shore.

George. Do you see it now?

Mary. Yes, there! [Pointing to where Emma retired into the woods.]

George. I see nothing there.

Mary. It is gone then.

George. I never heard the sea-shore was haunted.

Mary. Yes it is, I have seen a ghost there more than once.

George. You have seen it! What is it like?

Mary. It looks like a lady, dressed in white; sometimes it sits on a rock, and seems to gaze on the sea: then it groans most horribly, and gets up, and walks all about on the sand.

George. What would a ghost sit on a rock, and look on the sea for; or groan when nobody could hear it?

Mary. Why I heard it.

George. You heard the dashing of the waves against some hollow in the rocks, and saw some old stump that gives light in the dark; this was the ghost you saw.

Mary. Can old stumps walk?

George. Walk, did you say? I believe they can't; at least I never seen one. But are you sure it did walk?

Mary. Why yes; that I am; and talked too. D'ye think I lie?

George. No, my dear Mary, I don't think that; but you were somewhat frightened. You say it talked too?

Mary. [Aside. *He calls me his dear, he's a coming too.*] I heard it often.

George. What did it say?

Mary. I don't know what it said.

George. Wasn't you frightened when you first seen it?

Mary. Yes, vastly scared, to be sure; but as I was a good way off, I didn't care much.

George. Well, and what makes you afraid to-night?

Mary. Why, I'll tell you; I was a going over to Williams's house, across the fields, as I often do of an evening; there I seen the ghost coming after me, close at my heels. Well, I was sadly frightened, to be sure; but, thought I, I'm not far from Williams's, and I'll even go on; for ghosts won't come into peoples' houses while they are up, you know.

George. I know! Mary, I know nothing about it; I never seen a ghost in my life.

Mary. Well, whether you did or no; as I went running along in a great hurry, it cried after me in a ghostly voice—

George. What sort of a voice is that?

Mary. Oh, I don't know,—let me tell my story—It cried in a ghostly voice, "Stop Mary, and I'll bear you company."—I screamed, and run to you.—Mercy upon me! there it is again!

George. I believe it is a ghost, sure enough; but hang me if I stay to see!—Mary, let's run.

Mary. [Running.] Ah, you cruel wretch, what do you run so fast for? Why the ghost will eat me up.

[Exit.]

End of the First Act.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Communicated for the Repository.)

REMARKABLE CUSTOM.

In Palermo they never bury the dead. Captain Sutherland gives the following account of this circumstance in his Tour to

Constantinople. The dead bodies are carried to the Capuchin Convent, which is one of the largest in Italy; "where after the funeral service is performed, they are dried by a stove, heated by a composition of lime, which makes the skin adhere to the bones. They are then placed erect in niches, and fastened to the wall by the back or neck. A piece of coarse drab is thrown over the shoulders, and round the waist; and their hands are tied together, holding a piece of paper, with their epitaph, which is simply their names, age, and when they died.

"We, of course, (says Captain Sutherland,) visited this famous repository; and it is natural to suppose, that so many corpses would impress one with reverence and awe. It was nearly dusk when we arrived at the convent. We passed the chapel, where one of the order had just finished saying vespers, by the gloomy glimmering of a dying lamp. We were then conducted thro' a garden, where the yew, the cypress, and the barren orange, obscured the remaining light; and where melancholy silence is only disturbed by the hollow murmuring of a feeble water-fall. All these circumstances tuned our minds for the dismal scene which we were going to behold; but we had still to descend a flight of steps impervious to the sun; and these, at last conveyed us to the dreary mansion of the dead. But (will you believe me?) notwithstanding the chilling scene through which we had passed, notwithstanding our being in the midst of more than a thousand lifeless bodies, neither our respect for the dead, nor for the holy fathers who conducted us, could prevent our smiling. The physiognomies of the deceased are so ludicrously mutilated, and their muscles are so contracted and distorted in the drying, that no French mimic could equal their grimaces. Most of the corpses have lost the lower part of the nose; their necks are generally a little twisted; their mouths drawn awry in one direction; their noses in another; their eyes sunk and pointed different ways; one ear perhaps turned up, the other drawn down. The friars soon observed the mirth which these unexpected visages occasioned; and one of them, as a kind of memento, pointed out to me a captain of cavalry, who had just been cut off in the pride of his youth; but three months ago he was the minion of a king—the favourite of a princess!—Alas! how changed! even on earth there is no distinction between him and the meanest beggar. This idea in a moment restored my reflection; and I felt with full force the folly of human vanity.

I turned to the holy father, who gave me this lesson. His eyes were fixed on what was once a captain of horse—I saw in them, 'Read this, titled pomp, and shrink to thy original nothingness. Hie thee to my lady's chamber; tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last—make her laugh at that.' The relations of the deceased are bound to send two wax tapers every year for the use of the convent; in default of which, the corpse is taken down, and thrown into the charnel house. Were it not for the number of vacancies occasioned by the non-payment of this stipend, the Capuchins would be unable to find nitches for the number of men who must die every year in so populous a city as this. Women are dried as well as the men, but are not exposed. Nobles are shut up in chests."

The Anecdotist, No. I.

ORIENTALS.

THE celebrated Caliph Haroun al Raschid was accustomed to walk unknown among his subjects, and hear from their own mouths their grievances, and their opinions of their rulers. He advanced and degraded according to these reports, perhaps sometimes too hastily, though always with an upright purpose; and used to say he was the only sovereign who heard the thoughts of his people.

One morning about sun-rise, as he was walking along the side of a river, he saw an old man and his grandson earnest in discourse. The boy in wantonness had taken a water-worm out of the flags, and having thrown it on the ground, had lifted up his foot to crush it. The old man pulled him back, and just as the Caliph came up, was speaking to him thus:—"Boy, do not take away that which it is not in thy power to give. He who gave life to that insect, gave it also to thee! how darest thou violate what he bestowed; show mercy, and thou shalt find mercy."

The Caliph stopped, and stood astonished at hearing beggary and rags so eloquent; "What is your name, and where is your habitation?" said he. The old man told him his name was Atelmoule, and pointed to his cottage.

In an hour a robe of state was sent to the cottage, officers attended, and Atelmoule was told he was appointed vizier. They led him, full of wonder and confusion, to the Caliph; he fell upon his face

before the throne, and without daring to look up, kissed the verge of the royal robe.

"Rise, Atelmoule!" said the Caliph, "you are next the throne; forget not your own lessons."

Atelmoule, with astonishment and surprise, beheld in the Caliph the person with whom he had spoke in the morning.

In the mean time, the sun was warm; the worm whose life the new vizier had saved, opened its shelly back, and gave birth to a fly, that buzzed about, and enjoyed his new-born wings with rapture. He settled on the mule that carried back the vizier, and stung the creature. The mule pranced, and threw his unaccustomed rider. The vizier hung by a part of his robe, and was killed by a stroke of the animal's heels.

The account was brought to the palace; and even those who had murmured at the sudden exaltation of the man, pitied that death he owed to his virtue; even Providence was censured—so daring and so ignorant is man! But the Caliph, superior to the rest in virtue, as in office, lifting up his hands to heaven, exclaimed—"Blessed be thy sacred name, O Prophet! I decreed honours to Atelmoule, but thou hast snatched him to thy paradise. O ALI! how feeble are the efforts of man in attempting to reach thee in goodness!"

A Learned Man made a practice of placing himself at a mosque, and preaching to the people. One of the congregation wept constantly. One day the preacher said, "My words make great impression on this man's heart, which is the reason of his crying so much." Others observed thus to the man who wept, "The learned man does not make any impression on our minds, what kind of a heart must you have, to be always in tears?" He answered, "I do not weep at his discourse; but I had a goat of whom I was exceedingly fond; when he grew old, he died; now whenever the learned man speaks and wags his chin, the goat comes to my remembrance, for he had just such a long beard."

A Painter went to a strange city, and followed physic. Some time after a countryman of his came there, and asked him what profession he then followed. He answered, Physic. The other asked why? He replied, because if in this art I should commit a fault, the earth hides it.

An indigent poet paid a visit to a rich man, and seated himself so near that there was no more distance than a span between

them. The rich man offended thereat, asked him, "What difference is there between you and an ass?" He replied, "The measure of one span." The other was very much confounded at this answer, and made an apology.

(Oriental Anebdoles to be continued.)

Moral Essays.

NO. VI.

WHAT'S THE HOUR?

IF the first who asked this question was an idle man, at least we may presume that he was the inhabitant of a country where idleness had ceased to be general: for people are already acquainted with the value and employment of time before they begin to measure it. Nevertheless, how many hours have perished unperceived, ever since mankind have begun to count them! From his ever-flowing urn, Time pours them out into a sieve; and it frequently happens that they all pass through. Happy the man who has employed some of their number in aiding a friend, consoling the child of sorrow, doing a little service to his fellow-men! The hours thus employed will remain in the sieve; and they add much more to the duration of life than the others.

The Egyptians first taught the Greeks to ask "*What's the hour?*" But from whom did the Egyptians learn the question? It is left in the darkness of remote antiquity: nor was it until a few centuries anterior to the vulgar æra, that a somewhat satisfactory answer was returned to it. A long time was required before people could venture to say all that was to be said on that simple question, "*What's the hour?*"

According to Pliny, it was Anaximander who erected the first gnomon that was seen in Greece. After a few centuries, sun-dials passed over from Greece to Sicily; and Valerius Messala carried to Rome that which had stood at Catana. Under the consulate of Scipio Nasica, they were succeeded by Hydraulic time-measurers. How many difficulties was it necessary to surmount, before mankind could even learn "*what was the hour?*"

The Caliph Haroun al Raschid sent a striking clock to Charlemagne, who had not before possessed a single one in all the cities of his vast empire. During the night men perambulated the streets to make known the hour to those who were in bed. The custom is still continued in large cities, where, besides, each man has his watch to consult: and yet we are continually asking, "*What's the hour?*"

There must certainly be in those words a certain charm, which does not arise from the bare desire of exactly knowing the time of the day: and I lay it down as an axiom, that the person who inquires respecting the present hour, has his thoughts less intent upon it than upon some future hour which he expects. This approximation of two different times produces another in the mind: by recalling to memory what we intend to do, we reflect with greater attention on what we are actually doing. The question "*What's the hour?*" is therefore a principle of observation, which imparts activity to thought, gives motion to life, and a direction to our projects. How many persons do we see, who know not either what they think, or what they do, or what they purpose, merely because they do not sufficiently often ask, "*What's the hour?*"

I am persuaded that the man who should write those words over every door in his house, and keep them constantly present to his thoughts, would not suffer a single minute of the day to be lost. To form a proper estimate of the value of time, it is necessary to measure it. We then wish to employ every moment; and we condemn ourselves for any neglect, as for an error. Those words recall us to life, as the voice of Zephyr recalls the stagnant juices in the vegetable world, into vernal circulation.

How important to the fathers and mothers of families, and to instructors surrounded with their children, not to overlook the sovereign efficacy of that question! In the first stages of education, each moment gives birth to new ideas, to new cares. There is not an hour to be lost; not an hour to be entirely employed in the same manner. Think well on't; reflect, "*What's the hour?*"

The hoary senior and the blooming youth equally ask the same question: but the former foresees; the latter enjoys; and they both act according to the dictates of nature. Those words, "*What's the hour?*" are a lesson for all ages.

The husbandman, exhausted with his agricultural toil, descries the distant roof of his cottage peeping through the foliage in which it stands embosomed. Imagination instantly paints to him his wife, his children, their eager haste in running forth to meet him, when they hear in the evening the tread of his horses, or the bark of his faithful dog. He immediately asks himself, "*What's the hour?*" His question is answered by the shadow of the aged oak, which rears its head on the margin of his field: new vigour braces his sinews: new courage pervades his bosom: the earth offers

less resistance to his efforts; and the present hour seems abridged by the expectation of that which is to come.

That man leaning on his couch, bending under the burden of accumulated years, and who with trembling hand puts aside a few silver hairs, which the wind had blown over his nearly-extinguished eyes, was once young, vigorous, active, and handsome. That woman passing near him, whose shrunk and withered countenance reminds us of a mummy, has a thousand times been compared to the Graces. Yon babe, who so peacefully slumbers on the bosom of his mother, will one day be seated in a great arm-chair, his feet extended on a large cushion, his head weighed down on his chest, while he views the children of his children in the same situation in which we now behold himself. The successive changes which take place in us, are observable at the principal epochs of our life: but their continuity is never interrupted; and it thus imperceptibly fills up the intervals which separate childhood, adolescence, maturity, and old age. Each hour bears the imprint of revolving time, which creates, perfects, extinguishes, and destroys. Under this relation, the questions, "*What was I? What am I? What am I to be?*" are all included in "*What's the hour?*"

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A Certain man went to a dervish, and proposed three questions: first, "Why do they say that God is omnipresent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is?" Second, "Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? man has no free-will, for he cannot do any thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good." Third, "How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?" The dervish took up a large clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the czay, and said, "I pro-

posed three questions to such a dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache." The czay having sent for the dervish, asked, "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The dervish replied, "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech: he says, he has a pain in his head, let him show where it is, and I will make God visible to him; and why does he exhibit a complaint against me? whatever I did was the act of God; I did not strike him without the will of God; what power do I possess? and as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer pain from that element?" The man was confounded, and the czay highly pleased with the dervish's answer.

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"HE is the first of incorruptibles, eternal, and not created; he is not composed of parts; there is nothing like or equal to him; he is the author of every good, the sovereign disposer of all order, and of all beauty; he cannot be corrupted by presents; more prudent than all prudent; he is the father of justice and of equity; he derives his knowledge only from himself: he is the source of all wisdom, and sole author of all nature."

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A Wit, bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single state, exclaimed, "What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down?" and in the same tone, by way of self-condonment response, observed, "a-lass! a-lass!"

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Stak'd fifty dollars, side for side,
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GAMEORUM.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 30, 1803.

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Punctual attendance is requested.

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APRIL 25, 1803.

AT a meeting of the Members appointed to compose the Board of Health for the ensuing year, the following officers were duly elected:—

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Dr. Felix Pascalis, *Secretary*.

James M'Glashery, *Treasurer*.

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From a late London Paper.

SOME curious Galvanic experiments were made by Professor Aldini, in Dr. Pearson's Lecture rooms. They were by far more interesting and satisfactory than any yet noticed, owing to the pains to procure the fittest subjects for the operations. They were instituted in the presence of General Andreossi, Lord Pelham, Duke of Roxburgh, Rd. Castlereagh, Lord Hervey, the Hon. Mr. Upton, Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Anchorn, Mr. Elliot, and several other gentlemen of rank. The Professor was assisted ably, as on former occasions, by Mr. Capus, Mr. Cathberston and Mr. Hutchins.

Among other important facts, it was, decisively shewn,

1. That a vital attraction subsists between a nerve and muscle; for the suspended sciatic nerves of a frame after detaching the spine, being brought near the intercostal muscles of a dog, while the assistant who held the frog did, with his other hand, touch the muscles of the thigh of the dog (thus forming a circle) in this situation the nerves suspended approached, and came into contact with the muscle, as evidently as a silken thread is attracted by sealing wax.

2. The heart of a rabbit was excited to action in a little time after the animal was killed, but vitality disappeared much sooner than in the other muscles, so that this organ is the primum, and not as Hervey asserted, the ultimum moriens. The lungs, liver, and spleen could not be exerted to action, immediately after the animal was killed.

3. The most important fact of all, was that of exciting contradictions by making a circle of nerves and muscles of different animals, without any metallic excitor or conductors.

4. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibited astonishing effects: for the tongue being drawn out by a hook fixed into it, on applying the excitors, in spite of the strength of the assistant, the tongue was retracted, so as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook, at

the same time a loud noise issued from the mouth, by the absorption of air, attended by violent contortions of the whole head and eyes.

Poor Human Nature is likely soon to be in a perplexing dilemma, suspended, like the tomb of Mahomet, between Heaven and Earth. If the Galvanic, Oxygen, and Vaccine systems go on, it will be impossible to die; if provisions keep up their prices, it will be no less impossible to live!

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Mons. Dr THOSZ, having found that Oil of Turpentine, when applied to animals which were covered with vermin, destroyed these vermin, without hurting the animal, the author of this memoir tried it on several kinds of tree-louse and other insects; all of which he killed without hurting the trees. He then mixed some oil of turpentine with some fine earth, so as to make it incorporate well, and added water, stirring it carefully, till the whole was brought to a considerable degree of fluidity. In this mixture he dipped branches of fruit-trees, covered with insects, which were entirely destroyed by it, eggs and all, without hurting the fruit, branch or leaves. The composition may be got off by artificial watering, or left to be washed by the first shower. From these experiments, he thinks that oil of turpentine may be as well employed for killing various kinds of lice that infest domestic animals and sometimes produce diseases on fruit-trees.—Experiments will ascertain how far this remedy will prove efficacious in different cases.

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TAKE skim milk two quarts, fresh slackened lime half a pound, linsed oil 6 ounces, white Burgundy pitch two ounces. The lime is to be slackened in water, exposed to the air, mixed in about one-fourth of the milk: the oil, in which the Burgundy pitch is previously dissolved, to be added, a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is said to be enough for 27 square yards, two coats; and the expence a mere trifle.

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was a widower, after having had three wives. The suit terminated against the defendant, damages, 200l.

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—, on the 19th inst. of a consumption, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Thomas Little, to whose care the lunatics of the house were entrusted for many years. He was not an eye-servant, but acquainted with his arduous duty, he performed it faithfully. His kindness procured him a great influence over those unfortunate patients, which lessened his labour; at the same time it begat the esteem and confidence of their friends and connections. Among these were the steward and matron in particular, who attended his remains to the grave, with the servants of the house, and a number of his other acquaintance.

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TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO SOLITUDE.

DELIGHTFUL SOLITUDE! well-pleas'd, I greet
The lovely train that grace thy calm retreat,
Fair progeny, descended from above—
Religion, Virtue, Piety sincere,
Wisdom and Truth with beams divinely clear,
And kindred Beauty, Happiness and Love.

Source of the choicest sweets Religion knows,
Of Virtue's gifts, of Piety's repose,
Of Truth's rich blessings, Wisdom's sacred lore,
How happy he who (from the giddy throng)
Can be dispos'd to walk thy bow'rs among,
And feel thy sacred, vivifying pow'r!

As I recede, and leave the busy crowd,
Where noise and bustle, all confus'd and loud,
Or where formality and flatt'ry, reign,—
The buzzing world seems to withdraw from me;
I less its laughter hear, its follies see;
And with its nonsense flies its poignant pain.

Far diff'rent feeling all my breast invades,—
A steady joy from thy inspiring shades;
My heart, expanding, beats with love divine:
Such feeling, joy and love those cannot know,
Who never from Earth's busy molehill go,
Intranc'd in grov'ling ignorance supine.

How the blest emanation from on high
Gives antedate to bliss beyond the sky,
Unmixt and adequate, serene and pure!
Oh what sensations snatch me up to Heav'n,
As, thro' yon oak, I view the hand of Ev'n
Pointing to glory ever to endure!

I turn my view—Time almost disappears,
Compar'd with Heav'n's eternal-rolling years,
And all Earth's idols and amusements fade;
What once as blessings pleas'd I did adore,
Are now the illusive bubbles of an hour,
Dull, tasteless, satiating, mean parade!

But O! the happiness of SOLITUDE,
Where all is calm and holy, fair and good,
None but who sees can tell, who feels can know:
'Tis here th' Eternal Father deigns to dwell,
And ever hallow the sequester'd cell,
And hold sweet converse with mankind below.

'Tis here, I ever, ever would be found,
With bended knee upon the conscious ground,
And arms devoutly fold'd on my breast;
Waft up to Heav'n the penitential sigh;
Implore His pardon with a tearful eye;
Breathe praises to Him.....and be ever blest.

Then, my dear SAVIOUR, let me be allow'd,
Oft thus to quit the bustling, thoughtless crowd,
To hear thy voice divine, and feel thy love!—

'Tis granted—I despise "the world's dread laugh,"*
The jest of Wit prophanè, and Folly's scoff,
For SOLITUDE will lead to bliss above!

H.

NOTE.

*the world's dread laugh,
Which scarce the proud philosopher can scorn.

THOM.

SELECTED.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

TO THE WILD BROOK.

By Mrs. Robinson.

UNHEEDED emblem of the mind!
When weeping twilight's shadows close,
I wander where thy mazes wind,
And watch thy current as it flows:
Now dimpling, silent, calm, and even;
Now brawling, as in anger driven;
Now ruffled, foaming, madly wild,
Like the vex'd sense of Sorrow's hopeless child.

Beside thy surface now I see,
Reflected in thy placid breast,
Hush'd Summer's painted progeny
In smiles and sweets redundant drest;
They flaunt their forms of varying dye,
To greet thee as thou passest by;
And bending up thy ample wave,
And in its lucid lapse their bosoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breast appears
No fretting gale, no passing storm,
The sun-beam's vivid lustre cheers,
And seems thy silv'ry bed to warm:
The thronging birds, with am'rous play,
Sweep with their wings thy glittering way;
And o'er thy banks fond Zephyr blows,
To dress with sweets the smallest flow'r that grows.

But when destroying blasts arise,
And clouds o'er shade thy with'ring bounds,
When swift the eddying foliage flies,
And loud the ruthless torrent sounds;
Thy dimpling charms are seen no more,
Thy minstrel's caroll'd praise is o'er;
While not a flow'ret, sunny drest,
Courts the chill'd currents of thy alter'd breast.

Such is the human mind!....Serene,
When Fortune's gloomy hour appears!
And lovely, as thy margin green,
Are buds of Hope, which Fancy rears:
Then Adulation, like the flow'r,
Bends as it greets us in our day,
But in the dark and stormy hour,
Leaves us, unmark'd, to trace our troubled way.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Giles, " My wife and I are two;
" And yet I know not why, Sir!"
Quoth Jack, " you're ten, if I speak true;
" She's one, and you're a cypher."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

The following ODE, written by Horace, was found about twenty-three years ago in the Palatine Library, Rome. It has never, to my knowledge, been published in America, I send it therefore for a place in your Repository, hoping some of your literary friends will favour us with a translation.

C.

HOR. ODE 39.

Ad Julianum Florum.

DISCOLOR grandem gravat uva ramum;
Instat Autumnus: glacialis anno
Mox hyems volvente aderit, capillis
Horrida canis.
Jam licet Nymphas trepidè fugaces
Insequi lento pede detinendas;
Et labris captæ, simulantis iram
Oscula Figi.

Jam licet vino madidos vetusto
De die lœtum recitare carmen:
Flore, si te des, hilarem licebit
Sumere noctem.

Jam vide curas Aquilone sparsas
Mens viri fortis sibi constat, utrum
Serius lethi, citius tristis
Advolat hora.

THE WILD ROSE-BUD.

AH! why did I gather this delicate flow'r—
Why pluck the young bud from the tree?
'Twould there have bloom'd lovely for many an
hour:—

How soon it will perish with me!

Already its beautiful texture decays—
Already it fades on my sight!
'Tis thus that chill languor too often o'erpays
The moments of transient delight.

When, eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste,
How often we mourn, with a penitent tear,
O'er the joys that we lavish in waste.

The elegant flow'r, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes;
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd on my breast,
It languishes, withers and dies.

EPIGRAM.

TO A POET.

Unthrifly wretch! why still confine
Thy toil and homage to the NINE?
'Tis time to bid the NINE begone,
And now take care of NUMBER ONE.